

T H E
C H A R A C T E R
O F A
L O N D O N
D I U R N A L L.



Printed in the Year, 1644.

T H 3

THE LANCET

OF

LONDON

DAILY



Printed in the Year 1844.



THE CHARACTER OF A

LONDON DIURNALL.



Diurnall is a puny Chronicle, scarce pinfeather'd with the wings of time: It is an History in *Sippets*; the English *Islands* in a Nut-shell; the *Apocryphal* Parliaments book of *Maccabees* in single sheets. It would tyre a Welch pedigree, to reckon how many ap's 'tis remov'd from an Annal: For it is of that Extract; onely of the younger House, like a Shrimp to a Lobster. The original *sin*ner in this kind was Dutch, *Gallio Belgicus* the *Protoplast*; and the moderne *Mercuries* but *Hans-on-Kelders*. The Countesse of *Zealand* was brought to Bed of an Almanack; as many Children, as dayes in the yeare. It may be the *Legislative Lady* is of that Lynage; so she spawnes the *Diurnalls*, and they at *Westminster* take them in Adoption, by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britannicus*. In the Frontispice of the old *Beldame Diurnall*, like the Contents of the Chapter, sits the House of Commons, judging the twelve Tribes of *Israel*. You may call them, the Kingdomes Anatomy before the weekly Kalender. For such is a *Diurnall*, the day of the moneth, with what weather in the Common-wealth. 'Tis taken for the Pulse of the Body Politique; and the Emperick Divines of the Assembly, those spirituall *Dragooners*, thumbe it accordingly. Indeed it is a pretty *Synopsis*; and those grave *Rabbies* (though in poynt of *Divinity*) trade in no larger Authors. The Country Carrier, when he buyes it for their Vicar, miscalls it the *Urinal*; yet properly enough; For it casts the Water of the State, ever since it staled blood. It differs from an *Antieu*, as the Devill and his Exorcist; or as a black Witch doth from a white one, whose office is to unravell her enchantments.

It begins usually with an Ordinance, which is a Law still-borne; dropt, before quickned by the Royall assent: 'Tis one of the Parliaments

liaments by blowes, (Acts onely being legitimate) and hath no more Syre, then a Spanish Gentle, that's begotten by the Wind.

Thus their *Mistress*, (like in *Parson, Marry*) in the due onely of the Mother, without the concurrence of Royall *Jupiter*.

Yet Law it is, if they Vote it, though in defiance to their *Fundamentals*; like the old *Seaman*, who swore his Clock went true, what ever the Sunne said to the contrary.

The next *Ingredient* of a *Diurnall* is Plots; horrible Plots; which with wonderfull Sagacity it hunts dry-foe; while they are yet in their Causes, before *Materia prima* can put on her Saiock. How many such fits of the Mother have troubled the Kingdome, and (for all Sir *Walter Earle* looks like a Man-Midwife) not yet delivered of so much, as a Cushion? But Actors must have their Properties; And, since the Stages were Voted downe, the onely Playhouse is at *Westminster*.

Suteable to their Plots are their Informers; *Skippers* and *Taylor*; Spaniells both for the Land and the Water: Good *conscienceable* Intelligence! For however *Pym's Bill* may inflame the Reckoning, the honest *Vermyn* have not so much for Lying, as the *Publique Faith*.

Thus a zealous Butcher in *Marefields*, while he was contriving some *Quarpo-cue* of Church-Government, by the help of his out-lying Eares, and the *Oraculiflow* of the Spirit, discovered such a Plot, that *Selden* intends to combat Antiquity, and maintaine it was a *Taylor's Goose*, that preserved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-Traytor'd for dealing with the Lyons, to settle the Commission of Array in the Tower. It would doe well to crampo the Articles Dormant, besides the opportunity of reforming those Beasts of the Prerogative, and changing their prophane names of *Harry* and *Charles*, into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazer*.

Suppose a Corne-cutter, being to give little *Isaack* a cast of his Office, should fall to paring his Browes, mistaking the one end for the other; because he branches at both. This would be a Plot; and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this Scale of Votes.

Resolved upon the Question; that this Act of the Corne-cutters, was an absolute Invasion of the Cities Charter, in the *representative* Forehead of *Isaack*; *Resolved*, that the evill Councillors about the

Corne-

Corn-cutters are Publickly affected, and Enemies to the State Resolved, that there be a publique Thanksgiving for the great deliverance of *Isaack* from antlers and a solemn Covenant drawn up, to destroy the Corn-cutter and all his works.

Thus the *Quixotes* of this Age fight with the Windmills of their owne Heads; quell Monsters of their owne Creation; make Plots; and then discover them; as who sittes to unknappell the Fox; then the Tarryer, that is a part of him.

In the third place match their Adventures; the *Roundheads* Legend; the Rebels Romance; Stories of a larger size, then the Eares of their Sect; able to strangle the Beliefe of a *Soldan*.

I'll present them in their order; and first, as a Whiffelen before the show, enter *Strawford*; one that trod the Stage with the first; travers'd his ground, made a legge and *Exit*. The Country People took him for one, that by Order of the House was to dance a Morrice through the West of *England*. Well, here's a pimple Gentleman; set him but upon *Booke*; his Horse in a Saddle Rampant; and it is a great question, which part of the Censure shewes better tricks.

There was a Vote passing to translate him, with all his Equipage, into Monumentall Gingerbread; but it was cross'd by the Female Committee, alledging that the valour of his Language would bite their Children by the Tongue.

This Cubit and an half of Commander, by the help of a *Diurnall*, routed his Enemies fifty miles off: 'tis strange you'll say; and yet it is generally believed, he would as soon doe it as that distance, on nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword; for which the weapon-maker was invented; that so wounding and healing, like loving *Coronets*, might both worke at the same remove.

But the *Squibbe* is run to the end of the Rope; Room; for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in Breaches, *Walker* Knight errantry; and, because every *Monstrous* must have his *Zany*, throw him in *Hesperinge*, to set off his story; these two, like *Bel* and the *Dragon*, are alwayes wa-shipped in the same Chapter; they hunt in their Couples, what one dath at the head, the other scootes up at the heele.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold*, murder the *Psalmes* with another to the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up, as the *Saints Bell*.

I wonder, for how many lives my Lord *Hoptons* Soule took the Lease of his Body.

First, *Stamford* slew him: then *Waller* our kill'd that halfe a Barre: and yet it is thought the fullen Corpes would scarce bleed, were both these Man-slayers never so neare it.

The same goes of a *Dutch* Heads-man, that he would doe his Office with so much ease and Dexterity, that the Head after Execution should stand still upon the shoulders: pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place. For, as if he had the like knack too, most of those, whom the *Diurnall* hath slaine for him, tuous poor Mortalls seem untoucht.

Thus these Artificers of Death can kill the Man, without wounding the Body, like lightning, that melts the Sword, and never sings the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the *Conquerour*; This is the *Cities* Champion, and the *Diurnalls* delight; he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commission: for he stalkes with *Essex*, and shoots under his Belly, because his Excellency himselfe is not charged there. Yet in all this Triumph there is a whip and a Bell: Translate but the Scene to *Round-way-downe*. There *Hasturiges* Lobsters were turn'd into Crabs, and crawl'd backwards; there poore Sir *William* run to his Lady for use of consolation.

But the *Diurnall* is weary of the Arme of flesh, and now begins an *Hofanna* to *Cromwell*, one that hath beat up his Drummies cleane through the Old Testament: you may learne the Genealogy of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment: The Muster-Master uses no other List, then the first Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forraigners, when themselves intertaine such an Army of *Hobbeses*? This *Cromwell* is never so valourous, as when he is making Speeches for the Association, which neverthelesse he doth somewhat ominously, with his Neck awry, holding up his Eare, as if he expected *Mahomet's* Pigeon to come, and prompt him: He should be a Bird of Prey too, by his bloody Beake: his Nose is able to try a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not Gold that glisters: What we wonder at in the rest of them, is naturall to him; to kill without Bloudshed: For most of his Trophies are in a Church-Window, when a Looking Glasse would shew him more

more superstition: He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced Gods in his owne Countenance: If he deale with Men, it is when he takes them napping in an old Monument: Then downe goes Dust and Ashes. And the stoutest Cavalier is no better. O brave *Oliver*! Times voyder, Sub-lizer to the Wormes; in whom Death, that formerly devoured our Ancestors, now chews the Cud: He said Grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the Marquesse of *Newcastle*: Nay, and the *Dinwiddie* gave you his Bill of Fare; But it prov'd but a Running Banquet, as appears by the Story. Beleeve him as he whistles to his *Cambridge Teeme* of Committee-men; and he doth Wonders. But Holy men (like the *Holy language*) must be read backwards. They rise Colledges, to promote Learning; and pull downe Churches for Edification. But Sacriledge is entailed upon him: There must be a *Cromwell* for Cathedralls, as well as Abbeys: A secure sinner, whose offence carries its Pardon in its Mouth: For how can he be hang'd for Church robbery, which gives it selfe the Benefit of the Clergy.

But for all *Cromwells* Nose weares the Dominicall Letter, yet compared with *Manchester*, he is but like the *Vigils* to an Holy-day. This, this is the man of God; so sanctified a Thunder-bolt, that *Burrows* in a proportionable blasphemy to his *Lord of Hosts*, would stile him the *Archangel*, giving Battell to the Devill.

Indeed as the Angells, each of them makes a severall *Species*, so every one of his Souldiers is a distinct Church. Had these Beasts been to enter the Arke, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have forced them into Paires. If ever there were a Rope of Sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an Association.

They agreed in nothing, But that they are all *Adamites* in Vnderstanding: It is the signe of a Coward, to *winke* and *Fight*; yet all their Valour proceedes from their *Ignorance*.

But I wonder whence their Generalls Purity proceedes, it is not by *Tradition*: if he was begotten Saint, it was by Equivocall Generation: for the Devill in the Father, is turn'd Monke in the Sonne; so his godlinesse is of the same Parentage with good Lawes; both extracted out of bad Manners; and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and say to Corruption, Thou art my *Father*.

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdomes eyes, by
clouding

defending our Mother University, and (if the Scotch mist further
in portable) will extinguish this other: He hath the like quarrell to
both, because both are strung with the same *Opick Nerve*, *knowing*
Loyalty, & Barbarous Rebëll: who will be reveng'd upon all Lear-
ning, because his Treason is beyond the Mercy of the Book.

The *Dinwath* has yett hath not talk'd much of his Victories; but
there is the more behind: For the Knight must alwayes bear the
Gyant; That's resolv'd. If any thing fall out amisse, which cannot
be smothered, the *Dinwath* hath a help at Maw; It is but putting
to Sea, and taking a *Danish Fleet*; or Browing it with some success-
full rout of *Ireland*; and it goes downe merrily.

There are more Pappens, that move by the Wyre of a *Dinwath*; as
the *Brerish* and *Galloway* of *Mars* his Petty-toes; such sniveling Cow-
ards; that it is a favour to call them so; was *Brerish* to fight with his
Teeth as in all other things he resembles the Beast, he would have
killed of any man as the weapon; O he's a terrible slaughterman at
a Thanksgiving Dinner, had he been a *Canniball* to have eaten those
that he vanquish'd; his gut would have made him Valiant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*; how he comes to be a Babe
of Grace? Certainly it is not in his personall; but (as the *State*
Sophist distinguish) in his Politique Capacity; regenerated *abex-*
tra by the zeale of the House he sits in; as Chickens are hatch'd at
Grand Cairo, by the Adoption of an Oven.

There is the *woodwill singing*; too; a feeble crutch to a declining
Causie; a new Branch of the old *Oake of Reformation*.

And now I speake of *Reformation*, now *evere Row*; the Tanker;
the liveliest Embleme of it that may be; for what did this Parlia-
ment ever goe about to reforme, but *Tinker*-wife; in mending one
Hole; they made three.

But I have not Ink enough to owe all the Tettens and Ring-
wormes of the State;

I will close up all this. The Victories of the Rebëls are like the
Magickall combats of *Apollon*; who, thinking he had slain three
of his Beesties; found them alive; but a *Trinwath*, of Bladders.
Such, and so empty, are the Triumphs of a *Dinwath*; but so many
impolluted Fancies, so many Bladders of their owne Blowing.

